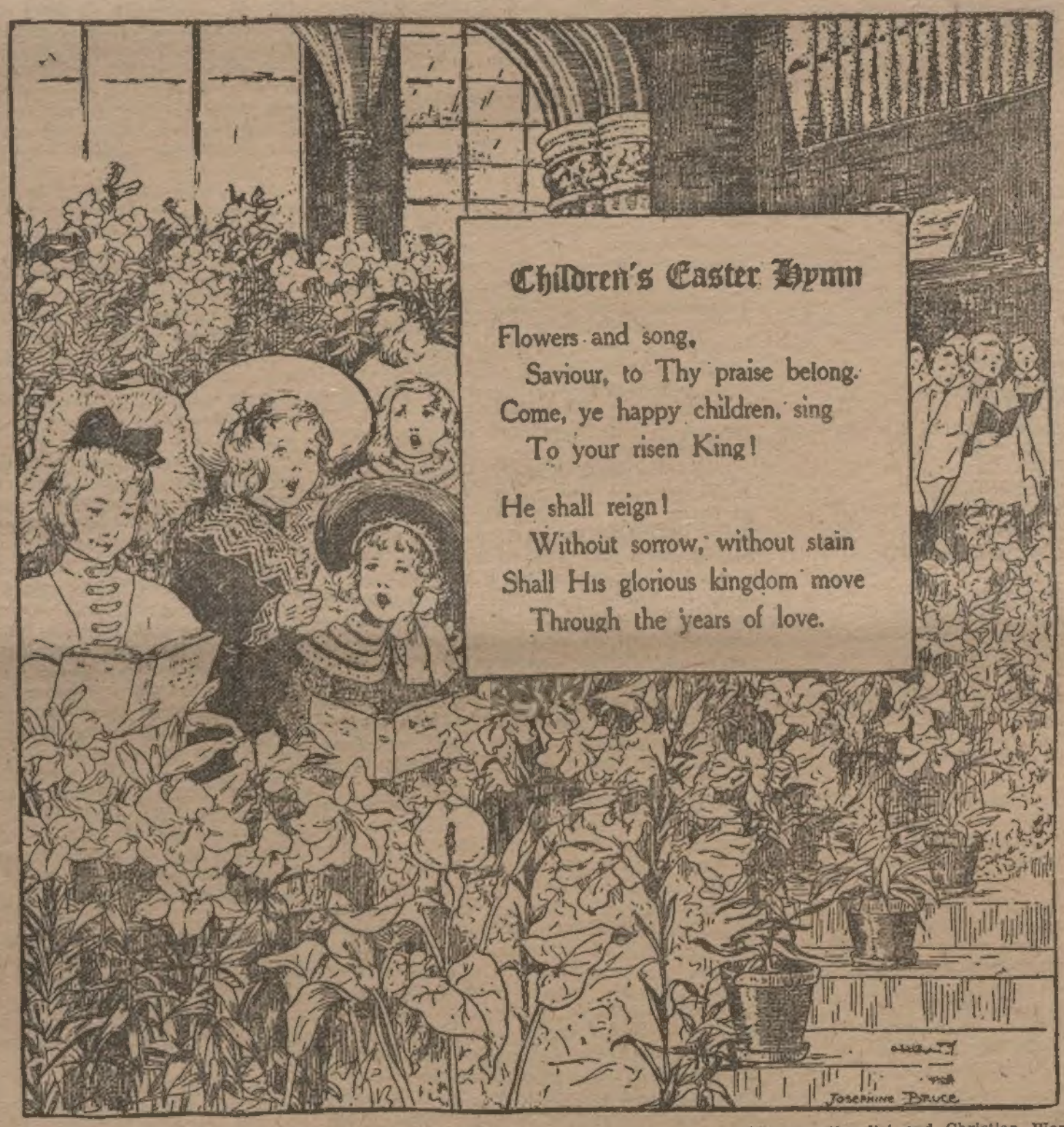
C-221-5-6
c.2

W. Bronscombe 1813 0509

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 16 MONTREAL, APRIL 17, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.



—'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

Not Death, But Life.

'Consider the lilies of the field.' We must take our Lord's words exactly. He is speaking of the lilies, the bulbous plants which spring into flower in countless thousands every spring over the downs of Eastern lands. All the winter they are dead, unsightly roots, hidden in the earth. But no sooner does the sun of spring shine upon their graves than they rise into sudden life and beauty, as it pleases God, and every seed takes its peculiar body. Sown in corruption, they are raised in incorruption; sown in weakness, they are raised in glory; delicate, beautiful color, perfuming the air with fragrance; types of immortality, fit for the crowns of angels.

'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.' For even so is the resurrection of the dead. Yes, not without a divine providence—yes, a divine inspiration—has the blessed Eastertide been fixed by the Church of all ages as the season when the earth shakes off her winter's sleep; when the birds come back and the flowers begin to bloom; when every seed which falls into the ground and dies, and rises again with a new body, is a witness to us of the resurrection of Christ, and a witness, too, that we shall rise again; that in us, as in it, life shall conquer death; when every bird that comes back to sing and build among us, every flower that blooms, is a witness to us of the resurrection of the Lord and of our resurrection. * * * They obey the call of the Lord, the Giver of life, when they return to life, as type and token to us of Christ their Maker, who was dead and is alive again, who was lost in Hades on Easter eve, and was found again in heaven forevermore.

And so the resurrection of the earth from her winter's sleep commemorates to us, as each blessed Easter-tide comes round, the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and is a witness to us that some day life will conquer death, light conquer darkness, righteousness conquer sin, joy conquer grief; when the whole creation, which groaneth and travaileth in pain until now, shall have brought forth that of which it travailed in labor, even the new heavens and the new earth, wherein shall be neither sighing nor sorrow, but God shall wipe away tears from all eyes.—Charles Kingsley.

Aspects of Christ.

Of whom shall I paint you a picture? Shall it be of the Prince of Peace, whose coming was heralded by that glad anthem, which has rolled down the ages with its joyous, 'Hosannah in the highest?' Or shall it be of the wondrous Babe, at whose feet the Seers laid their odorous gifts of love? Shall I tell you of the Boy Jesus, the prentice carpenter, of the youth who mastered the Tempter in the wilderness or the indignant son cleansing his Father's home, of thieves and robbers? Will you listen to the Teacher's loving words, 'When ye pray, say 'Our Father which art in Heaven,"' or to the Shepherd's, 'suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

Will you hear of the physician's marvellous cures, of the brother's care for his hungry companions, of the servant washing the feet of the Galilean fishers, or shall I portray the man, he in whom Pilate found no guile, He of whom the prophet said, 'A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' He stands before us in all the majesty of his manhood, meek and forgiving, clad in the mockery of purple robe and crown of thorn. The Intercessor, bleeding and broken in heart pleads, 'Forgive them, they know not what they do.'

Or wish you rather a paean of gladness? With triumphant chord then sing of the risen Lord, the first fruits of them that sleep, of Him who lives for ever and for ever, who is Alpha and Omega. Shout indeed, 'Death, where is thy sting, where grave thy victory?'

M. McGANGLEY.

Emancipation.

(Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D., in the 'American Messenger.')

Why be afraid of death,
As though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes
With clay—O glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn?
Death only husks the corn;
Why should you fear to meet
The Thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread?
Yet sleeping you are dead
Till you awake and rise—
Here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench
To leave your wooden bench?
Why with happy shout
Run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind—
O foolish one, and blind!
A day, and you will meet;
A night, and you will greet.

This is the death of Death—
To breathe away a breath,
And know the end of strife,
And taste the endless life.

And joy without a fear,
And smile without a tear,
And work nor care to rent,
And find the last the best.

The First Command of the Risen Lord.

When our Lord arose from the dead He left us as an element of comfort something to do for Him. We know what a comfort it is to carry out the last wishes of our beloved. Last words are very precious. If we may but go on for the sake of the departed with a task that is interwoven with sacred thoughts of them, we receive new strength for the lonely road. Work is a panacea for grief. Work is often a legacy worth more than gold or silver. Our dear Saviour when He rose from the dead gave to all His people the command to go into all the world and preach the glad tidings to every creature. He is at the Father's right hand making intercession for the world that He redeemed. We are to help Him in His work. At Eastertide as on every Lord's day throughout the year shall we not think of those for whom He longs—the lost sheep, the people who do not know Him, who are trusting in false gods? If we love our Saviour we cannot ignore the duty He laid upon us to carry His Gospel to every corner of the homeland and to the ends of the earth.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Our Labrador Work.

THE DEER ASHORE.

On our way back the wind freshened and soon it was blowing a gale, as it had the previous night. At eight o'clock the Lapp who was collecting the stray deer had not yet returned, and as one of the men said, it was 'wonderful dirty in on dem hills,' snowing and pitch dark, so that one could hardly see a thing; and as he was unfamiliar with the country, we began to be much worried or fear he should lose his way, go on and on until exhausted, and then sink down and freeze to death.

A rescue party was formed which followed the path clear back to the ship, and learned that the Lapp had not returned to the ship.

They returned by another path, calling continually, but failed to find him. It occurred to us that the other Lapps did not seem at all disturbed because the man had not come back, and we asked them about him, but they seemed to think that he would be all right even if he had to sleep unsheltered, for they were accustomed to that sort of thing.

Next morning he turned up and reported twenty odd deer added to the main herd. He seemed to think nothing of having spent the night collecting deer. He had been ten miles down the coast, and early in the morning had stopped at a fisherman's house to get something to eat.

Every day some of the Lapps went out to round up more deer, and the main herd gradually grew in size. The deer were collected either by approaching them with the leader, whom they followed as he was led towards the main herd, or, if they refused to follow in this way the whole herd was led to the bunch of stray deer, and the latter were absorbed. By the middle of the week the Lapps had located and assembled 285 deer, and the next day reported the whole three hundred safe and sound in one herd. Needless to say, this remarkable record of braving the voyage and facing new conditions without the loss of a single deer pleased us all exceedingly.

Mr. Lindsay went in to show the Lapps the land, taking a guide and the interpreter. At first they seemed very dissatisfied, and said that the deer could never live in there on account of the ice on the moss, which is thicker than usual this year, owing to several periods of thaw, with rain, which froze as soon as it fell. The trip did not produce any results. For some reason the Lapps just at this time seemed very dissatisfied with everything and grumbled continually. One cause of their discontent was that the sugar which we furnished them was granulated, whereas they wanted lump or loaf sugar. It seems that their method of using it with coffee, their steady drink, is to dip the lump of sugar in the coffee, and then suck up the coffee, dip it in again, etc., until the sugar dissolves away. Their diet is quite civilized, consisting of coffee, sugar, cheese, black bread, made of rye flour, oleomargarine, canned meat instead of venison, and canned milk till the does fawn, supplemented with a little venison, which they brought with them, raw, smoked, or boiled.

Within a day or two they had gotten used to the situation, and were as cheerful as could be. They very quickly became acquainted with the folk round about, who visited them a great deal. I happened in one day and found the dog driver teaching one of the Lapp boys to spell out 'Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen' on his sweater. They have now been to church several Sundays, and although they can take very little part in the service, they seem to enjoy it very much.

The day following the first expedition, a second was made further into the country, where moss was found in less exposed places, and the Lapps were perfectly satisfied to move the deer, in fact they themselves were anxious to get into the country to camp. They said that a civilized house was too draughty for them. Accordingly, the next Monday, a week after the landing, they lassoed five deer, and hitched them to their loaded polkes and started inland. One of the women went ahead and led a deer, and the other teams were all tied in a long line one behind the other. As soon as they were a little way from the houses a Lapp jumped on each polke, shouted to the deer, and away they went at lightning speed, although it was such bad going, and the snow was so soft that the dogs could hardly haul a komatik on the level.

All the women except one, and the two boys, were left here until the camp was settled. The tent, made of blanketing, was pitched about eight miles inland. It is wigwam shape, with a fire in the centre, and just room enough for a Lapp to lie down with his feet at the fire and his head against the side of the tent. In four or five places the bottom of the tent is raised up to make a draught for the fire, so that as one sits there he freezes his back and burns his face, and yet they spoke of draughts. Their tent is always full of smoke, and after living in it for five minutes I knew why their eyes look so bloodshot.

Mr. Lindsay has moved in near them, with the interpreter, to study the deer and the Lapp language. With them is one of the fifteen-year-old orphans who is to be an apprenticed herder, and an energetic young Newfoundlander, who has been hired to likewise learn the business from the ground up, and eventually take charge of the deer.

The preparations for this second camp were more or less absorbing. The camp itself consists of two canvas tents, one for cooking, and a larger wall tent to sleep in. Each is equipped with a folding sheet iron stove. In one are kept the provisions, hard tack, flour, salt pork and beef, condensed milk, teas, etc., and other things are cooked here and carried out to the camp each week, such as beans, bread, etc.

The four men were provided with waterproof canvas sleeping bags lined with blankets and dog skins, under and on top of the sleeping bags are placed caribou skins. Dr. Grenfell having purchased a bale of them on the Labrador on the 'Strathcona's' last trip north. The wild caribou inhabiting Labrador and Newfoundland in large herds are practically identical with the reindeer.

The next consideration was that of clothing and personal outfit. Besides the necessary woollen clothes, underclothes, sweaters, stockings, skins, boots and mitts, three of the party wore sealskin cossacks, and the boy a sheepskin coat. The other indispensables were the snowshoes, which are rapidly giving place to the skis ('skees') of the Lapps, axes, guns, etc.

The deer have found plenty of moss and are doing nicely, and as they have safely passed through a spell of the worst weather this country is able to produce, and as their greatest enemy, the wolf, is practically extinct in Newfoundland, we have hopes for the future.

C. L.
For WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend, Murray Harbor South, $2.00; J. J. A., Mascouche Rapids, $1.00; Wood Bay Mutual Improvement Society, Wood Bay, Man., $6.10; W. E. P., Montreal, $5.00; Mrs. H. A. Mooney, Millfield, P. Que., $2.00; Total.. .. ..$ 16.10

Received for the cots:—Mrs. H. A. Mooney, Millfield, P. Que... .. ..$ 2.00

Received for the komatik:—Mrs. H. A. Mooney, Millfield, P. Que.. .. ..$ 2.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,557.67

Total received up to March 31.. .$ 1,577.77

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1908.

Jesus Teaches Humility.

John xiii., 1-15. Memory verses 3-5. Read John xiii., 1-20.

Golden Text.

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you. John xiii., 34.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 20.—John xiii., 1-20.
Tuesday, April 21.—Luke xviii., 10-27.
Wednesday, April 22.—Matt. xviii., 1-14.
Thursday, April 23.—Matt. xx., 17-28.
Friday, April 24.—Luke xxii., 24-38.
Saturday, April 25.—Matt. xxiii., 1-13.
Sunday, April 26.—Luke xiv., 1-14.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Last Sunday we learnt about a big supper that was given for Jesus in a little town named Bethany, near Jerusalem. That was on a Saturday evening, and our lesson to-day comes on the Thursday after that, so how many days were there between? Yes, four. In the daytime Jesus went with his disciples into Jerusalem, and in the evening they went back to spend the night in Bethany. On the Sunday, the morning after the big supper in Bethany, there was what we call the Triumphal Entry. (Spend some little time over the story of this.) Monday and Tuesday were also very busy days for Jesus, teaching the people and his own disciples a great many things, because he knew that he was soon going to die. On Wednesday Jesus stayed the whole day in Bethany, so far as we know, and it is on Thursday evening that we learn about him next. This was the great Passover feast time, and Jesus and his disciples came into Jerusalem to have this supper together, just Jesus and his disciples, so how many would there be? Yes, there were twelve disciples and Jesus himself, thirteen in all. And there were no servants to wait on them at table; two of the disciples had gone on ahead and got it all ready, and Jesus and the others came later. (The long, dusty walk from Bethany, the custom of using only sandals, the duty of some one to wash the guest's feet in the East, should be dwelt on here.) You remember at the supper we learnt about last Sunday Mary came and poured beautiful perfume over Jesus' feet and dried them with her own long hair, but when Jesus came hot and tired and dusty here, there was no one who offered to wash his feet. Instead of thinking of that they were all discussing which was the greatest, which should have the best seat at table and things like that. The basin of water was there ready and the towel was there, and they all knew that someone should do it, but they were all too proud to do what was a servant's work. So who do you think did it at last?

FOR THE SENIORS.

The incidents of the four days that lie between this and last Sunday's lesson should be briefly covered, both as given in John's account and in Matt. xxi., 18; xxvi., 19; Mark xi., 12; xiv., 16, and Luke xix., 45; xxii., 13. The lesson itself is one of the most beautiful and at the same time most practical in the whole series. The first verse is supreme in its simplicity. Christ's act proceeded from the power of his own conscious divinity and tender love for his mistaken disciples. There is a mistranslation in the second verse that has caused some perplexity. The Greek words translated 'supper being ended' mean literally 'supper having come,' and this incident occurred, as the context makes plain, at the beginning of the supper, not the end. Christ with the divine outlook on life (verse 3), in his place of conscious authority (verse 13), could see that no honest service was derogatory; it was the narrowness of the disciples' viewpoint which led them to shrink from the office. That is not humility which knows no higher and is content with the low. Rather he is humble who, while conscious of power for the higher, will not shun the lower services that lie in his path. It was Martha's proneness to be content with the lower service (Luke x., 40-42) that brought forth Christ's gentle reproof, and also Mary's willingness to perform the lowest service (John xii., 3) that gained her his commendation. The place of loving service in the Christian life is pre-eminent. The willingness to serve those about us is made by Christ the test of our profession (Matt. xxv., 34-46; Luke x., 30-37), and, unlike the Mahommedan, our heavenly reward is not looked for in idle enjoyment, but in higher service (Rev. vii., 15; xxii., 3).

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Jesus means when He says, you should love one another, seek always the welfare of your brother. 'Ah,' you say, 'you have taken the meaning out of that great word, what is there left in it?' Have I? Then you have never striven to live up to that commandment; take it home and live up to it for one week, and see if the meaning is gone from it when I say that Jesus says we shall always seek the welfare of our brother man.

Humility is not so much a distinct virtue as it is an attitude of the soul. 'It is the way in which we feel towards God, in which we regard ourselves and our fellows,' says Dr. Watkinson; 'towards God it implies the sense of reverence and dependence, and towards our fellows, deference, consideration, and helpfulness.'

The devil allows no Christian to reach Heaven with clean feet all the way.—Luther.

To live near to God is the true way to live near to man.—Charles C. Hall.

True humility consists in thinking ourselves inferior not so much to others as to our best selves.—Ivan Panim.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Verse 10. 'All that they required was to have the soil of their present evil temper and jealousy removed: they were true in heart, they had been in the bath and had only contracted a slight stain. But Judas had not been in the bath: he had no genuine and habitual loyalty to Christ.'—Expos. Greek Test.'

Verse 13. 'There was no title so lofty, no honor so exalted, no devotion so absolute, that Christ rejected it at the hands of men.' —Rev. F. Ritchie Smith.

'Granted that you are superior to me in something or other. Well, what does that matter? One molehill is a little higher than another; they are all about the same distance from the sun. I remember a friend of mine who, when a child, being told that the sun was ninety-five millions of miles off, asked whether it was from the upstairs window or the downstairs. And that is about the difference between men, if they will bring themselves into comparison with the only true standard.'—Alexander Maclaren, D.D.

'Some one had just been reminding a certain bishop of an act of goodness which he had performed. He said, "Any good I have ever been able to do is of the unearned mercy of God." That is true humility. We feel that the merit is not ours, but God's.'—Rev. R. J. Campbell.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Luke xxii., 24-27; ix., 46-48; Mark x., 35-45; Gal. v., 13; I. John ii., 6; Matt. v., 3; Phil. ii., 3; I. Pet. v., 5, 6.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 26.—Topic—Foreign missions: Paton, and missions in the islands. Acts xxviii., 1-10.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, April 20.—Finishing His work. John iv., 34.

Tuesday, April 21.—They shall turn unto God. Ps. xxii., 27.

Wednesday, April 22.—All the earth shall worship. Ps. lxvi., 4.

Thursday, April 23.—Let the people praise Thee. Ps. lxvii., 5.

Friday, April 24.—The kingdom is the Lord's. Ps. xxii., 28.

Saturday, April 25.—He shall save. Ps. lxxii., 4.

Sunday, April 26.—Topic—Mexican children. Matt. ix., 38.

Resurrection.

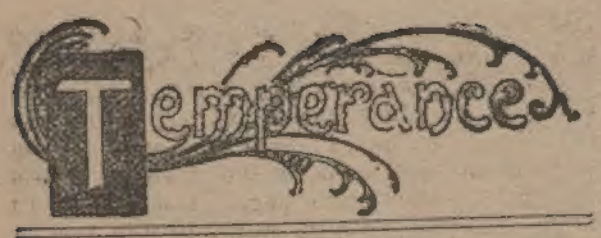
(Charles G. D. Roberts.)

Daffodil, lily and crocus,
They stir, they break from the sod,
They are glad of the sun, and they open
Their golden hearts to God.

They and the wilding families—
Wind flower, violet, May—
They rise from the long, long dark
To the ecstasy of day.

We, scattering troops and kindreds,
From out of the stars wind blown
To this wayside corner of space,
This world that we call our own.

We, of the hedgerows of Time,
We, too, shall divide the sod,
Emerge to the light, and blossom
With our hearts held up to God.



An Old Temperance Rallying Song.

Fill the ranks with soldiers, and be ready for the fight,
Let the world behold us, with our colors waving bright;
We're the Temperance army, and we battle for the right,
As we go marching on.
Rally, rally round the standard,
As we go marching on.

Fill the ranks with soldiers, oh, never be afraid,
First in every conflict where the tempter would invade;
Bringing back the sunlight o'er the ruin he has made,
Oh, we'll go marching on.
Rally, etc.

Water, crystal water, from the quiet mountain rill,
Cool and sparkling water, that with joy the heart can fill.
Merry, laughing water, let it be our chorus still,
As we go marching on.
Rally, etc.

A Back-attic Saint.

(By Abbie A. Fairfield.)

Easter came early that year, and the typical, raw, penetrating, irritating March wind had held high carnival all day in the little corner of the small city park where old Tom Abbot had slept away the effects of his last night's spree. All day he slept, disturbed only by the occasional proddings of the park police; and when at dusk he finally awoke and sat, repentant, with his hands propping his dizzy head, life, whichever way he looked at it, seemed so hopeless and useless that he decided to end it. If it had been a mid-April Easter, with the new grass springing in the park, and the few robins that daringly build in the city trees, busily darting about, and the gay tulips tossing and nodding in the flower beds, it might have made some difference to Tom, for he was a passionate lover of the beautiful, like many other miserable creatures. But all was bare and dismal, the cold wind chilled him through and through, and he was so soaked in rum, and so dead to all things but the ever-present craving of his own appetite that he didn't even know it was Easter.

This man was not utterly bad,—nobody ever is. In every living soul there is a divine spark, real, honest and true, small enough and dim enough in some of us, God knows, but never quite extinct.

Tom looked back through the years, and saw only misery and sin. He saw himself a generous, good-natured, free-hearted fellow, helpless in the hands of any one who wanted to sell him liquor. Did you ever hear of a miser, a close, tight-fisted, flint-hearted miser who was a drunkard? Did you never notice that a rumseller is a good reader of character, and selects the man of big heart and open hand and weak will as his easiest victim! Tom Abbot had the heart and hand and weak will that make men an easy prey, and he lived in that part of New York city, where in a great, crowded square mile, there were five hundred rumshops, and only five churches. He remembered the miserable attic which he called home, and going there night after night, to find his wife drunk also; and he recalled without any pain, how they fought and knocked each other down, and drank and fought again. His home was the back attic, close under the eaves. In winter, the snow drifted in through the cracks, and the rain trickled in and smote them icily in the face. In summer, the pitiless sun beat down all day upon the roof, and made the tiny room a breathless, stifling horror.

But the way Tom and Kate, his wife, must enter, was the worst of all—for they had to pass through a grocery store which occupied the lower story. An innocent looking grocery store enough, but it had a dark, back room connected with it, through which one must also pass to reach the stairs. Oh, such a terrible place, slippery with dirt, reeking with foul odors, and crowded with big, fat, black barrels, and always, on the barrels, leering at you as you passed, men and women reclined in various stages of intoxication. Beyond this room were the stairs, so dark that you couldn't even see how dirty they were; and the overpowering odors of liquor which seemed to saturate everything, made a deeper darkness, and a thicker, more impenetrable blackness.

Tom, looking back, remembered all this and determined to end the struggle; for, he said, no matter what awful thing he might have to suffer in another state of existence, at least this present, unspeakable gnawing at the pit of his stomach, and this agony of resentment against fate would be over.

So, as the twilight deepened, he started upon that grim walk which was to be his last, and which was to end in the cold darkness of the river. At length he found himself in Water street, and there was the river beckoning him to its oblivion. All around him were men and women who looked as little like human beings as he did bleer-eyed, loose-mouthed, dirty, ragged and loathsome. He was weak from debauchery and fasting, and the crowd pressed him along without his own volition, until quite unconsciously he found himself entering the low doorway leading into the Jerry McAuley Mission. It was the last place Tom Abbot would have chosen; he knew all about it; he knew well how they would help him and love him and make a man of him if he would only let them. But it was whisky he wanted, not help.

The evening service was beginning, and the announcement that the Easter lilies would be given away at the close, had drawn a crowd.

Do you know what it means to these wretched people whose lives are swept so far aside from beauty and purity, to have a great, sweet, white lily? I have seen them cherished and coaxed for days by hopeless drunkards, and then wept over because they withered, emblems to them of their own inexorable fate, the oncoming darkness of which no hand seemed powerful enough to stay.

Inside the mission room, there they were, silvery, tall and stately,—and white, oh, so white, and so many of them! Enough to satisfy everybody. They were grouped in vases and pitchers on the piano, they were growing in pots all along the edge of the platform, they were tied in bunches with broad white ribbon and piled upon the desk; and, over all and beyond all, and dominating the whole was a great, wonderful cross of th sweet, stainless lilies and delicate ferns. All these were the holy, loving gifts of thoughtful people, who, while enjoying their own Easter among far different surroundings, did not forget their unfortunate brothers. The superintendent of the mission was a man whose face was as pure as the lilies he stood among. Hundreds of men cannot speak of him without strong emotion, for from him they received their first impulse to rise from sin. That night he seemed inspired. In what tender, glowing words he spoke of the risen Lord, and what Easter was and what it is, and of the grand possibility held out to each one, no matter how dead to good influences, to rise into newness of life,—to begin over again,—to keep perpetual Easter in their hearts, with all the beautiful purity of the lilies.

Then, one after another, more than fifty persons arose, and told of the Easter that had come to them, and of the sustaining power of the Mighty to save.

And the Holy Spirit passing through that audience opened Tom Abbot's eyes that he might see, and touched his heart that he might feel! Old Tom Abbot! miserable and hungry, with that awful gnawing in his stomach; with the maddening desire for a drink of whisky, and the black despair in his heart urging him down to the brink of the turbulent river whose roar filled his ears! They sang 'Throw out the Life Line,' and if you want to know what that hymn means, you must hear it sung by such an audience as that, for nearly every one present has either just been saved from ruin, and knows what it means to catch the Life Line, or is one who is struggling in the depths even yet. At all events, it is a memorable experience to have heard it sung, nay, throbbed out by such a crowd.

And Tom, listening and gazing up at the great, white cross, began to have a wild hope surge through his heart. And when a woman with the still, pure face of an angel passed the lilies around, she found poor old Tom on his knees weeping; and with her practiced eyes and woman's instinct, she recognized that here was one who stood at the parting of the ways.

Oh, how they prayed for him! And how they prayed with him! And how they made him pray for himself when he could only falter out: 'God help me; I am too wicked to pray.' And what a triumph it was to see the light of a firm purpose rising in those watery, whisky-dimmed eyes,—a veritable Easter, that.

With brotherly love he was sustained and ministered unto, until he could really feel that he possessed that all-powerful strength which cannot fail.

All this happened seven years ago; and I wish you could see Tom Abbot now. Old he still is, and feeble, and pitifully poor in this world's goods, for forty years of such sin as his wrecks the vigor of manhood. But oh, how rich and strong and happy he is in the joy of that new life which he has accepted. He has never once fallen since that blessed Easter. His eyes are as clear and beautiful as a child's. He, who, when he began life, was an expert workman, can now earn very little indeed, for rum is a hard taskmaster, and undermines all one's faculties. But his little attic is a very different place now, though sordid still, beyond description; but if ever a room was crammed full of glory, this is the one. Here he must stay because he can't afford to move. So here he has praised God for his deliverance; here he has prayed for Kate, his wife, such prayers as must be heard and answered. Here he has lived his beautiful new life, shining with such brightness that all may see. Here he and the little cripple who lives in the front attic ho'd delightful little prayer-meetings all by themselves. He says that his poor health and his wife's continuance in sin are the penances God assigns him for his wicked past and that it becomes him to bear it all bravely.

Think of it! You, who, having fallen and tried to rise, are sustained by every human prop that earth knows how to give—home, friends, loving hands on every side outstretched to help you—and then think of Tom Abbot, who, every time he goes into his attic, must pass through the vileness of that back grocery shop and smell the fumes of the liquor, and hear the coarse jokes of the wretches congregated there; and when he goes into his room, instead of strong, loving words to sustain him, he must meet the maudlin complainings of his miserable wife! He says he deserves it all, and more. But he says that when he passes through the grocery store, in all his comings and goings, he always sees that white cross of Easter lilies just ahead, and he can feel Jesus close at his side!

Oh, you who are strong and pure, pray, pray with all your strength and purity for all such as poor, rich Tom Abbot and for Kate his wife; for they were real people, and the back attic a real room, and the back grocery shop a degrading reality.

And you who are yet young, with the power of choosing your life path still in your grasp, this story, although about an old man, is nevertheless for you,—for Tom Abbot says that his bitterest memory is of one night when he was only fifteen years old; that was the night when he deliberately decided to take the wrong path, in which for forty long, shameful years, he walked and staggered and fell.—'Union Signal.'

'Pigs is Pigs.'

A pig once got hold of a bottle of liquor and drank it. When he recovered from the effects he pulled himself together in deep self-disgust with the remark, 'Well, that's the last time I'll ever make such a man of myself.' Even so! Did someone begin to quote, 'Oh wad some power, etc.'—Selected.

Correspondence

EASTER.

'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' is the joyful cry;
'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' shout the passers-by;
'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' hear the choir sing;
'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' loud the praises ring.

'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' Woodland songsters warble out;
'Christ is risen.' Lilies whisper with an air of grace devout;
And the bending branches quiver with the new life in their veins;
While to all this day is offered heavenly peace that never wanes.

'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' Shout it far and near;
Let the weary world about us now the chorus hear
That our Saviour Christ has risen; reigns He now above
With salvation for the sinner through His mighty love.

MORTON MacMICHAEL (age 13).
H., N.S.

most of my time playing in the water. But then the thrashing engine came one day and I had lots of fun. Well, the happiest time in my life was when my little brother and sister came, although I was not home-sick.

HARRIETT SWEGLES.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa died two years ago in December, and we miss him so much. My uncle lives in Dakota. He came to see us last fall and stayed all winter. I have 19 cousins and two grandpas and a grandma living. We live in a pretty town in summer, but it is very cold in winter.

JESSIE E. DRAPER.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have had a lot of snow this year. We have a hill in our yard, and we have lots of fun. My grandpa and grandma live across the road from us. We have a dog 14 years old. He belongs to grandpa, but he is fond of children, so he comes and stays with us.

JAMES R. DRAPER.

S. J., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters that the little girls and boys write, but I think it would be better if we would not hear so much about cattle, horses, and things like that, more perhaps about Sunday School. I go to Sunday School and like my teacher well. There

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Jenny Wren.' Lloyd Mollins, R. G., N.S.
2. 'A Little Girl and her Pets.' Verna M. Crack (age 6), K., P. Que.
3. 'Easter Greeting.' Evelyn Swerdfage (age 14), W., Ont.
4. 'Flower.' Ruby McLeod, S. B., Ont.
5. 'Off to Sunday School.' Elsie L. Cowie, C., Ont.
6. 'Flower.' Stirling Knapp, S. B., Ont.
7. 'A Dandelion.' M. G. H., Hymers, Ont.
8. 'Violets.' F. H. Johnston (age 10), N. A., N.S.
9. 'The Young Bugler.' Leta Mercer, M., Ont.
10. 'A Vase of Flowers.' Lena Gray (age 14), C. F., Ont.
11. 'Calla Lilies.' W. Erie McBain (age 11), A., Ont.
12. 'A Squirrel.' Annie Young (age 11), A. M., Ont.
13. 'A Bird.' Lillie J. Weir, L. C., Algoma Dist.
14. 'Fishing.' Roselyn Davidson (age 8), M., Ont.

Smyrna, Turkey.

Dear Editor,—I am fifteen years old and I have finished the Greek commercial school of our town. As I am very fond of the English language, I resolved to study it in the American college, which is one of the best schools in our town. I am very much satisfied of your 'Northern Messenger,' its stories pleased me the best, therefore, I have but to congratulate the editor.

S. G. STAMNAS.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell a story of a very happy time in my life. It was summer holidays and I had been wanting to go to the country to stay with grandma, so the day came when I was on my way. I soon reached grandma's, and after I got my things off I went out with grandma to see her little chickens; then we went to the barn to see the calf. Grandma had an overflowing well, which went into a barrel then into the milk-house, then into the cow-ditches. I spent

are four girls besides me in my class. We have quite a large Sunday School; there are about one hundred and thirty on the roll, with an average attendance of ninety-eight scholars. I don't want to take up too much room the first time I write to your paper, so I will close with a riddle: Eight and twenty white horses standing on a red hill, now they go, now they go, now they stand still.

LUELLA DOERBECKER.

L., Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I received the first issue of the 'Northern Messenger' a few days ago and like it very well. I live in a very hilly country, so that there is fine coasting around. I have got a pair of skates, but have not used them for quite a long time.

MARGARET GOLD.

S. B., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I always look for the correspondence page first and read all the letters before I stop. I have sixty-two 'Messengers,' and I keep every one I get. My father died last March, but we are still living at home. I have three sisters, one of them living with her aunt on Little Ray Island. It is snowing to-day, but we haven't had much snow. I am very much interested in the drawings I see on the correspondence page. I must try to draw something, but it won't be the best, I know.

ALUIN.

J., B.W.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy of 10 and a half years old. My father is a clergyman and takes the 'Messenger,' which I like very much. I am keeping some pigs, hens, and also pigeons. The railway is very near to us, so we generally go to see the passing trains.

ALFRED C. BROWN.

E., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, but I hope to keep writing after this. I live on the Saskatchewan River, which is a pretty river in a valley. I suppose other 'Messenger' friends collect stamps and coins. I have got a good collection of stamps, and a few coins.

EVERETT MARSHALL.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is over a year since I wrote to the 'Messenger,' and I am still lying on my back, but I am getting better, and expect to walk next summer. I am nine years old. I have a lovely canary bird named 'Dicky,' and he is a beautiful singer. A lady gave him to me for a Christmas present. I read the 'Messenger' every week.

AILEEN HANNA.

OTHER LETTERS.

Annetta M. Rose, U., N.S., answers two riddles, Annie Young's (March 27)—Because they hold the rains (reins), and Dorothy Young's (March 27)—March fourth. These are two riddles Annetta asks: 1. What has four legs and only one foot? 2. Which is the hardest soap?

Phyllis G. Fuller, H., N.S., says 'We have a lot of little lambs and we like to watch them play.'

John R. C., Howick, P. Que., and W. C. Carscadder, R., Ont., are both looking forward to the sugar-making fun. John's riddles have been asked before, but the second letter contains this:—A little house full of meat, but no door to go in at and eat.

Hazel J. Ouimet, H., P. Que., has two cats, one 'a beautiful Angora kitten. Her name is Avangeline. Quite a romantic name, isn't it?' Yes, and we fancy she is not often called by that name either, is she?

Lillian Stewart, H. P. Que., has a dog 'about as old as I am, so we will soon have to get another to take his place.' Poor doggie.

Violet and Cissie C. Corkum, P. B., N.S., both write short letters. Cissie says 'My Christmas toys, most of them, are broke all up.' That's a sad way of most toys, isn't it? Violet's answers are not correct.

Helen M. Dickie, B., N.S., is 'taking music lessons on the organ and I like to take them.'

Minnie Walters, F., Ont., writes, 'We have a pretty colt named Tony. He likes to be running around the yard. He will soon be a year old.'

Elsie L. Cowie, C., Ont., says, 'I have seen some bluebirds, robins, pea-wees, and heard many others. Last night when I was coming home from school I found some spring beauty buds.'

E. W. Lawrence, S. P., Ont., writes, 'We feed the bluebirds every morning. We think it would be a good idea to have a Band of Mercy, such as Kathleen Geddes spoke of in her letter.'

Jean S. Hamilton, B., N.S., lives 'in the station-house and I see almost every train that goes by.'

Letters were also received from Ella Colbeck, H., Man.; W. R. D., A., Ont.; Charlie S. Langill, C. N. A., N.S.; Elsie Banting, M., Ont.; Annie Patchet, Toronto; G. H. Reaveby, L. J., Ont.; Samuel W. Carruthers, L., Sask., and Florence H. and Esther L. Johnstone, W. N. A., N.S. Riddles given in these have been asked before.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Luther Burbank Class.

(By Annie Deane Burns, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

'O, look at those Easter hats! Aren't they beauties, Hester?'

'Hark! Keep still a minute.'

'See that one all made of roses. Look quick!'

'Hush, will you? I'm trying to hear what the bells are chiming.'

'What do you care? I wish I had something new for Easter. Does my hat look awfully seedy?'

'Katie Smith, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. This is the day the Lord rose from the grave and here you are fussing about a new hat.'

The two girls walked up the church steps together, but Katie stopped suddenly and turned back.

'Don't block up the passageway, child. Come along!'

Katie crowded into a corner of the vestibule and pulled her sister after her with an air of mystery.

'See what I picked up there on the church steps,' she whispered, her eyes dancing with delight. 'Sh! Don't let anybody see.' From the folds of her dress she drew out a small, gold bracelet set with precious stones.

'Well, go give it right to the sexton,' said the older girl. 'There he is, over there.'

'Wait, Hester, please! Just let me wear it through church time. I never had one on before and it looks so pretty. I'll give it to Mr. Cram right after church.'

Hester gave her a withering glance of disapproval and they followed the usher up the aisle to a pew.

The subtle fragrance of lilies which filled the church, the music of the choir and the earnest words of the minister made Hester's heart swell with a feeling she did not know how to define. She wished her life to be pure and sweet like those Easter lilies. She wanted to be a part of everything that was good and beautiful and true, like the music and the pastor's words. Her thoughts were far away from the little sister by her side, who sat turning the bracelet on her wrist, and imagining herself a fine lady decked in her jewels.

'I wish this belonged to me,' she whispered when the service was over.

Hester came back to earth. 'Well, it doesn't, and you go give it to Mr. Cram this minute, before you go in to Sunday School.'

'I was just going to,' pouted Katie, turning back into the church with reluctant steps.

Miss Harriet May sat in the Sunday School room with a group of girls gathered about her. 'Now you must each tell me,' she said, 'what thought you are going to carry home with you this Easter service.'

'I liked what Mr. Tweedy told us about Luther Burbank,' said one. 'He is doing such wonderful things with the plants and fruits.'

'I know it,' said another. 'Think of his making blackberries white!'

'Yes, and dahlias fragrant and poppies blue!'

'And thornless roses, and plums without stones!'

'And did you notice the lesson that he drew from these wonderful changes that can be brought about in Nature?' said Miss May, fixing her eyes on a golden-haired girl who was busying herself arranging the ribbons on her sleeve.

'Yes,' said the first speaker. 'He said if Luther Burbank could make bitter fruit sweet and blackberries white, we could—I don't know just how to say it—but—make ourselves over, with God's help, I suppose.'

'That's just it Mary. He said that some fruits were hardy but not sweet, some plants were beautiful, but bore no fruit. Girls'—she paused a moment and her eyes kindled—'how would you like to form a Luther Burbank Class?'

'O, Miss May!' The girl she had been watching suddenly raised her eyes with an eager look, and her teacher's heart gave a bound. Could it be that she had at last aroused a spark of interest in this beautiful, indolent scholar?

'Well, Marion?'

'I've lost my bracelet.'

Excited comments followed.

'"Twasn't that new one with the little diamonds in it, was it?'

'Yes, that very one,' moaned Marion. 'It was always unclasping. O dear!'

Hester glanced at Katie, who was turning the leaves of her Bible, and said quickly, 'Mr. Cram got it. Somebody picked it up on the steps—I saw them—and they gave it to him.'

'Did they really? O, lovely!' and Marion flew into the church in search of the sexton. Hester gave her sister another glance of disapproval, and was surprised to see her face flushing scarlet, her eyes bent on her quarterly.

'He hasn't got it either, Hester Smith.' Marion flounced back into her chair, her gauzy ruffles flying. 'Never even saw it. What made you go and raise my hopes like that?'

Katie's eyes met Hester's stony glare with a look of frightened pleading; but Hester was merciless. Seizing her sister's arm, she drew up the sleeve of her coat and displayed the bracelet. 'Well, of all things in this world! If I ain't ashamed of you, Katie Smith!' Unclasping the bracelet from her sister's quivering wrist, she passed it to Marion, her eyes flashing, and her lips pressed tightly together.

A dramatic pause followed, and Katie, too mortified to say a word and feeling the brand of the criminal upon her small soul, buried her face in her book and burst into tears.

'I think,' said Miss May quietly, 'that Katie was intending to give that to Mr. Cram after Sunday School. She wanted to wear it a little while, because she found it and it was such a pretty one.' She laid her hand on Katie's shoulder, but the child was struggling to control her sobs and could not speak.

A meaning glance was cast at Marion by the girl beside her, who whispered behind her book. 'Then why didn't she hand it out when you told us you had lost it?'

The vials of Hester's wrath were now turned in a new direction. 'Well, what are you trying to make a bad matter worse for, Alice Moore? Of course she meant to give it to the sexton after Sunday School. Do you take us for thieves?'

In spite of Miss May's efforts to restore peace and harmony in her excited class before the closing bell rang, they were two very miserable sisters who walked down Grand Street towards their home. Hester strode along in silence feeling that the honor of the Smith family had received its death blow. The storms of life circle so close over a child's head that, while they last, the blue sky seems shut out forever and ever.

Katie found her voice at last. 'Maybe you think you're good, Hester Smith, but if that's what it means to be good, I'm going to be bad all the rest of my life.'

Hester winced, and a new expression came into her face. 'I could have got out of it just as easy as not if you'd let me alone,' Katie went on, with a wail in her voice.

'Got out of it?' Hester's face grew stern again. 'Why do you do things you have to get out of? And if you do, what is the good of getting out of them? You fool yourself more than anybody else. You just make yourself believe that you're all right when you ain't. If I'd been vain and silly and not real honest like you this morning, I'd own up to it and take my medicine. That's the only way to cure it, Mother says.'

'O, yes, you would always do just the right thing, of course. But I can tell you some other things that Mother says. She says you're awfully hard to get along with. You say hateful things and you don't care how much you hurt people's feelings.'

Hester's eyes widened. 'Does Mother say that?'

'Yes, she does, and we children are all afraid of you and it makes us want to tell lies and things. You made me so ashamed in Sunday School, I thought I should die. P'raps that's being a Christian, but if it is, I don't want to be one.'

Katie's words struck deeper than she knew and Hester shut herself into her own little room that afternoon, not to sulk or cry, but just to talk it all over with the Friend who understands.

'I want to be good,' she said, with a choke in her voice, 'but I don't seem to know how. I'm just like a cactus, all prickles and spikes. But Luther Burbank made the prickles on the cactus plants turn into fruit that was good to eat. O, God, I don't see why you can't do it if Mr. Burbank could. I'll help you, if you'll teach me how.'

. . . . . .

The bells of another Easter are chiming in the tower, and the same group of girls are gathered about their teacher in the classroom. Their faces are eager and their chairs drawn very close together, for they are giving their first annual reports of the Luther Burbank Class.

The girl with the sulky disposition had called herself a bitter walnut and told of how her method of doing something to make somebody happy every time she felt the blues coming on had helped destroy the 'bitter tannin' and make her sweet and white, as Mr. Burbank had the walnut meat.

There were sour oranges in the class, and thorny roses and perfumeless flowers, all struggling to cultivate the graces they lacked.

'I'm ashamed to tell what I chose,' said Marion, 'but I'm going to, just the same. I was a tree that didn't bear anything but leaves. Brother Rob told me once that all I cared for in the world was feathers and dress and it made me so mad I hated him for weeks, till I talked it over with Miss May and saw the other side of it, and ever since then I've hated myself.

'You remember that bracelet I made such a fuss about last Easter? Well I'm not going to tell you what I've done with it, but it's planted somewhere where Miss May says it's bound to bear some fruit. That's all I'm going to tell. Your turn, Clara.'

'Have you been working too?' asked the teacher of the next girl.

'I don't know's I have.'

'Didn't you choose to be any fruit or flower?'

'No, I haven't thought much about it.'

'Well, I'm sorry for you,' said the girl beyond her. It was Hester grown taller and with a gentler expression on her sharp little face.

'Why?' asked the girl, indifferently.

'Because you're missing one of the best things of your life and don't even know it.'

'Then Hester has something to tell us, it seems,' said Harriet May.

'Well, I chose to be a cactus,' said Hester with downcast eyes, 'and I don't need to tell you why. I've tried to change my horrid disposition and bear a little fruit, but I haven't succeeded very well.'

'Yes, you have, too,' broke in Katie. 'She isn't half so prickly as she used to be, Miss May—Mother says so.'

Two of the officers of the school had been standing near and caught the drift of these annual reports.

'I'd like to recommend that the whole church join that fruit class,' said the superintendent.

'Don't,' said the librarian, 'or we'll break the Bible record and be gathering grapes from thorns and figs from thistles.'

'The Bible never said we couldn't,' returned the superintendent, smiling. 'It only asked us if we could, and the Luther Burbank Class will tell you that we can.'

We have wills in order to be able to say 'yes' to good, 'no' to evil.

To Find Easter.

'Thirty days hath September,'
Every person can remember;
But to know when Easters come
Puzzles even scholars, some.

When March the twenty-first is past
Just watch the silvery moon,
And when you see it full and round
Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full
Then Easter will be here
The very Sunday after,
In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sunday
The moon should reach its height,
The Sunday following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

How Billy Came Back.

(By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark, in the 'Union Signal.')

'Well, for my part,' said Mrs. Wiggin, with emphasis, one hand on the door-knob, 'I think it's right and proper to make all the fuss about Easter that's possible: flowers and birds and children speaking and singing. There can't be too much of it for me. I think everybody should be glad at Easter.'

'If they kin,' sighed Granny Hobart from her chair by the window. 'But it ain't everybuddy that kin.'

'I'm not believing that, Mrs. Hobart, was the crisp reply. 'If people won't look at their mercies, why, they won't, and nobody but themselves to blame. The Lord has provided enough kindness to make us all glad, but He don't force us to be. Think what our state would be if Jesus had never risen from the dead. It just makes my heart sing when I think of Peter and John and how their sorrow was turned into joy by the wonderful miracle of the resurrection.'

'Yes,' quavered Granny, a break in her thin treble, 'I know it's wonnerful, but—but I'm kinder used to it. He's allers been risen sence I knowed ennythin' about Him. Seems sif I couldn't no how be saterified with no Easter agin till God raises somebuddy else from the dead—somebuddy dead in trespasses an' sins,' a sob shaking the old voice.

Mary Hobart rose from the table at which she was sewing and swiftly reached Granny's side. One hand smoothed the thin white locks tenderly as she addressed their neighbor:

'Mother loves the Lord, Mrs. Wiggin, she said, 'and she's as glad as anybody that there's an Easter, but—but she's always thinking of Billy.'

'She's old,' answered the visitor, 'and I suppose the Lord takes that into consideration. But I do wonder she hasn't got reconciled to things in all these years.'

'I'll never be reconciled to the works o' the devil. Tell her to mind that, Mary,' cried the old lady, bridling. 'Theer's some things the Lord doesn't want us to be reconciled to—He isn't Himself. I'll never be saterified till I see my poor lost boy raised from the dead.'

Long after the departure of the neighbor, and after her mother had been soothed into apparent forgetfulness of her late emotion, Mary Hobart's faithful heart still vibrated to the pain newly stirred within her and her eyes filled again and again as she pondered the page of the past that had been so ruthlessly turned back that afternoon. A bright, boyish face looked up to her from that page.

'Such a noble, lovable darling!' she whispered with fresh tears. 'Annie's baby! He missed his mother. How could I take her place? Lord, forgive me if I was to blame for his downfall. I trusted John—perhaps he didn't think—or—know—I hate to blame him. But Billy never would have stolen John's money if he had not first learned to love John's cider.'

Granny folded her hands beside her plate, when a little later the supper table was drawn to her side, and closing her eyes, she said simply: 'Lord, it can't be hard for Thee to bring Thy lost ones home. I know you'll not forgit Billy.'

The choir met that evening in the village church to practice anthems for the next day. Jessie Farman was the contralto, John Barton the tenor. None were conscious of any listener other than their little circle, but hidden from sight in a corner pew, sat a young man. He was only a poor prodigal who had come to himself several months before in a distant city mission. A sweet-voiced woman—one who wore a white ribbon on her breast such as his mother used to wear before she slipped away to the angels—urged him to confess his sins and start a new life.

'What use to confess to God,' he answered, 'while unwilling to confess to man? I am not yet ready.'

'If you confess to God, He will help you to confess to man,' she had declared; but he had shaken his head doubtfully and had gone away, but not to rest. The conviction that had taken hold of him would not let go. He had reached this village only one short half-hour before intending to go immediately to the man he had wronged, but the fair face of a girl had diverted him from his purpose, had led him into this hiding place in the old church.

'She's the right kind—the only kind I could love,' he was saying to himself, despairingly, as he listened to her voice. 'She'll make one of those God-women, like that one at the mission. Well, that dream's over, but I'll make a clean breast of it, pardon or prison,' he determined with set teeth, 'I've got to be able to endure myself.'

'He breaks the power of death,
He sets the captive free,'

sang the contralto.

'Friends,' said the old minister, who had come in unexpectedly at the close of the rehearsal, 'I want you to sing a hymn directly after the anthem to-morrow. I dropped in on purpose to propose it. It's an old hymn but I can't get rid of the impression that some poor sinner hearing it may realize that there's a resurrection for him.'

The man in the corner pew felt the tears spring to his eyes as he listened to the tender strains that followed:

'Though your sins be as scarlet,
Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow.'

A thrill went through the singers themselves as Jessie Farman's voice lifted the refrain. The tone was so pure, so tenderly exultant, so confident. She seemed pleading with some sinning soul, pressing him to believe her message. John Barton's voice trembled as he accompanied her. What friends she and Billy had always been. He suddenly recalled one afternoon long ago, when she had stopped him on the street to say, while indignant tears filled her brown eyes, 'I'd be ashamed if I were a big man like you, Mr. Barton, to be teaching boys to drink.'

He had laughed at her at the time. Cider never hurt him, had not hurt his father. He had laughed, too, at Mary Hobart, when she pleaded with him about the matter. 'Some of your white-ribbon nonsense. You women must be hard up for something to fight when you tackle a little innocent cider.' He was not so sure cider was innocent, in the light of after developments, but he was hardly willing to admit that fact.

Meanwhile, the minister with covered eyes, stood praying while he listened to the old hymn; surely if Jessie sang like that to-morrom some wayfaring soul must accept the message. True, loyal servant of Christ, prone as we all are to put off to another day what God would give us now—close beside him a wanderer was even then accepting the message.

John Barton went out into the darkness of the night, a strange tumult in his soul. Had he not always been hard on the man who sinned? Yet what was he himself but a sinner? If the Son of God, the Lord of life—whom death could not hold in bondage—could forgive sin—nay, sought diligently after straying ones that He might forgive them, what was he that he should condemn?

Pondering, he came to Mrs. Hobart's cottage. He always passed it at night when going home from church. It took him a trifle out of his way, but it had become a habit It had become a habit, too, in passing, to seek a glimpse of Mary Hobart's face. One of the curtains had not been drawn to-night. He could see into the sitting-room where Granny sat in her big chair, her Bible on her knees, while her daughter sewed at the table. Did John imagine it, or did Mary look sadder and thinner than usual?

He hesitated, halted, then walked in. 'Good evening, Granny,' he said a moment later, entering the room where the women sat.

'You, John!' cried Mary. He wondered if the joy-note was really in her voice or if his heart-hunger put it there.

'Me. I've been over to the church practicing, and thought I'd step in a moment.

'Practicing!' echoed Granny, pushing her spectacles excitedly to her white locks. 'So you're goin' to sing about the risen Lord agin to-morrer, John, with hatred in your heart for them He died to save? It's little comfort sich as you kin git out o' Easter. He rose from the dead an' entered into heaven, but He's comin' agin, an' this time to be the Jedge o' all livin'. It's written—I've jist been readin' it—'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."'

'But I do forgive, Granny,' answered the man, with solemn earnestness, again following some inner impulse. 'I forgive this night as I hope to be forgiven.'

'Billy?' asked the women in one breath. But John answered only one—the one whose grey eyes had lifted so quickly, so eagerly to his face.

'Yes, Billy,' he said, humbly. 'God forgive me, Mary. I feel to-night that I sinned against the boy more than he ever sinned against me. I taught him first to drink, though I didn't intend it—never think that I did.'

'You're a good man, John,' said Granny, holding on to the arms of her chair as she drew herself to her feet. 'You're a good man and know the Lord, though I've doubted you at times. Mary, she never doubted ou. I've been mistook in a lot of things. I most thought that the day of miracles was past, but it seems it ain't. Lord,' lifting her streaming eyes to heaven, 'Lord, it can't be cuny harder for you to work two miracles than one. I'm sore tired o' waitin' for Billy.'

As Mary read a Psalm before retiring that night—her mother already fast asleep—a step sounded under her window, some one tapped on the pane. She lifted the curtain and peered out, then, with one hand over her heart,—as if to still its beatings—she hurried to the street door. 'Billy!' she cried under her breath, as she drew a youth into the hall and into her arms.

It was late when Granny woke next morning. The church bells were ringing. Billy had been talking to his aunt for an hour past, telling his recent experience. 'I don't know how I happened to drift into the mission, God must have led me there. I found He was able to take the love of strong drink out of me and then I knew I must come back and face my crime, Auntie. I dreaded to meet Barton, but it's wonderful what God can do when we trust him. John was kindness itself. He treated me like a brother. I feel like a new man.'

'Mary,' called Granny just then, 'Mary, I've had a quare dream. I 'most hate to wake up. I thought Billy was dead and Jesus brought him back to life and give him unto me.'

'It's a true dream, Granny,' cried Billy, breaking away from his aunt's restraining hand. 'Jesus has saved me and sent me back to you.'

With her old arms about her boy's neck, her dim eyes fixed on his face, Granny questioned:

'What air the church bells ringin' for, Mary? Have the folks found out our Billy has come home?'

'God has, mother,' answered the daughter, gently. 'It's Sunday, Easter Sunday.'

'Easter!' laughed Granny exultantly,' an' I was afeared to see it! It's a true Easter, Mary, for "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found!"'

As a ray of light in a pure drop of water is divided into seven colors, so is it with love in a pure heart; it divides into more than sevenfold virtue; yea, rather, all virtue springs from it alone.—Tholuck.

—The 'Standard.'

Easter Carol.

(Rev. C. W. Wendte, in the 'Christian Register.')

The lovely spring has come again,
From sunlit skies descended;
The earth awakes to life and joy,
Cold winter's reign is ended.
The blossoming trees and flowerets fair,
With birds whose carols fill the air,
Sing, Christ is arisen! Christ is arisen!
'Tis Easter Day!

Awake, my soul! To thee the spring
Doth bring its message vernal;
Awake from gloom, from sloth and sin,
To life and joy eternal!
O'er self and wrong the victory win,
A new and better life begin,
Christ is arisen! Christ is arisen!
'Tis Easter Day!

With lilies white and blossoms rare
Our temple courts adorning,
We keep the soul's high festival
This resurrection morning.
O vanquished death, where is thy sting?
O grave, in vain thy triumphing!
Christ is arisen! Christ is arisen!
'Tis Easter Day!

Hugh's Easter Offering.

(Emily S. Windsor.)

When Miss Cullen spoke to her Sunday School class about their Easter offering, she said:

'You know we are trying to pay the debt on our church, and we all must try to have a large offering for our class. But I want what each of you gives to be the result of some self-denial or something which you have earned yourself.'

They were talking it over a few days later when they met to play in the carriage house at Otto Lane's home.

'What are you all going to do?' asked Tom Bellows. 'Father is going to pay me fifty cents a week to help down at his store.'

'I'm going to save nearly all the spending money that grandpa gives me,' said Ben.

Another boy said: 'Mother is going to pay me to keep the back yard in order.'

And nearly all the boys told of some way by which they expected to have a good sum for the Easter offering.

Hugh Allen thought that he was the only one who had not some plan in view; but as he was going home from Otto's he found that he was not. Will Bent was walking his way.

He asked: 'What are you going to do for the offering, Hugh? I don't believe that I can have one. I never have any spending money and I know the folks at home can't afford to pay me for working about the place.'

'I don't know yet,' replied Hugh.

At Sunday School next Sunday all the boys were eager to tell Miss Cullen what a splendid offering they expected to have—all except Hugh and Will Bent.

'I believe I'll try some more stores to see if they want an errand-boy,' thought Hugh, that week. He did so, but without success.

He was walking home the next Sunday morning from an errand for his mother. As he was going along High Street a florist's waggon filled with potted plants was just stopping in front of a large house. The driver jumped down.

'Here, sonny,' he called out, 'don't you want to earn a bit of money? Just come and help me carry these plants into this house.'

Hugh went quickly up to the man. 'Yes,' he answered, eagerly. 'I'll help you.'

'All right. You begin with the small pots. Be careful not to break any.'

When the plants had been carried to a conservatory at the rear of the house, and arranged on shelves awaiting them, the man said:

'You work very well. How old are you?'

'Eleven sir,' answered Hugh.

'You are pretty stout for your age. Now, I want a boy to help me about my greenhouses an hour or so every day. The boy I had has moved away. I suppose you go to school? Well, you can come after it is out. I'll pay you a fair price. You ask your mother about it.'

Hugh's eyes shone. Here was a chance for money for his Easter offering.

'My mother will let me, I know,' he answered, eagerly.

'All right. Just jump in and drive home with me. It isn't far. You will know then where to come on Monday.'

When Hugh got home he told his mother about the Easter offering, and his engagement to work for the florist.

'Isn't it fine? He gave me a quarter for carrying in the pots, and he's going to pay me a dollar and a half a week.'

'I am very glad for you to have such a chance,' returned his mother.

Hugh found his work very pleasant. And he was very proud when he received his first week's pay.

'I guess I'll have as big an offering as any one,' he reflected.

One afternoon, as he was on his way to the florist's he met Will Brent. Hugh told him about his work. 'I'll have a fine offering,' he said proudly.

'I'll not have a cent,' said Will gloomily. 'I can't find anything to do.'

'That's too bad,' returned Hugh, as he ran on.

'I am lucky,' he thought, complacently. 'We'll all have a big offering, except Will.'

Somehow he could not help thinking about Will all the time he was at work. An idea came to his mind.

'But, of course, I can't do it. I want a big offering—I want as big one as the others have.'

He met Will the next day. 'Are you still working?' he asked Hugh, wistfully.

'Yes,' answered Hugh, and he was passing on, but turned suddenly, and said:

'See here, Will, how would you like to help me, and we'll share the money? You will have a good little bit of Easter. There are four weeks yet. I know the florist will be willing; he's an awful nice man.'

'O Hugh! May I? How good of you! Hugh, you're a brick.'

'Come on with me, now,' returned Hugh.

When, on Easter-day, Miss Cullen said, 'I am proud of my boys,' Hugh felt very happy. His offering was not as large as some of the others, but Miss Cullen had said, 'You have all done your best, and it makes no difference that some of you have less than the others.'

'I am glad I did it,' thought Hugh. 'Will is so happy! It would have been dreadful if he hadn't any. And wouldn't I have felt mean?'—'Western Christian Advocate.'

Surprise.

O little bulb, uncouth,
Ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth?
Have you a crimson gown?
Plant me and see
What I shall be,—
God's fine surprise
Before your eyes!

O fuzzy ugliness,
Poor, helpless, crawling worm
Can any loveliness
Be in that sluggish form?
Hide me and see
What I shall be,—
God's bright surprise
Before your eyes!

A body wearing out,
A crumbling house of clay!
O agony of doubt
And darkness and dismay!
Trust God and see
What I shall be,—
His best surprise
Before your eyes!

(By Maltbie D. Babcock, in 'Living Truths.')

Ruth's Sacrifice.

Aunt Quilia.

Easter was at hand. Ruth's eggs were decorated and her offering laid by. Her pretty gown and ribbons—not for church but for Easter vacation wear—lay in dainty state upon the spare bed. For weeks she had been denying herself in small ways to increase her offering, and she had pleasantly yielded when her mother suggested that frock and ribbons be more than usually simple, in order that she might contribute more generously to the fund for the orphan's home.

Still she was not at ease. Something kept saying, 'You are making no real sacrifice. You know you are naturally easy with money and are not specially fond of fine clothing. But you do begrudge your time. You do hate putting your room to rights. Sweeping and dusting and arranging things are an abomination to you. You would rather read silly stories on the sly, and let your boxes and drawers look as if a whirlwind had struck them.'

Now Ruth was not a slovenly girl—simply somewhat indolent and disorderly. She was clean in person even to her abundant hair, a thing she could not say of some of her be-ribboned companions. She was clear-headed, too, and understood the distinction between cleanliness and order. She well knew that a room might be in decided disorder and yet be quite wholesome. She was aware, also, that dishes might be hustled into cupboards with no regard to appearance or conveniences, and yet be washed with tolerable care. In fact, her motto seemed to be, the important first, the less important latter—or never—and sentimental stories always.

But she had promised Miss Herbert that she would make some real sacrifice the week before Easter, and here it was almost at hand, and the hyacinths yet stood in the hubbub of her room looking like—well, Ruth wasn't apt at comparisons, and all she could think of was looking 'like jewels of gold in a swine's snout.'

The time was nearly up and act she must. Heroically she chose the hardest thing. Resolutely throwing her foolish novelette aside, she took up her New Testament, inadvertently turning to the twenty-fouth chapter of Luke. Here she read how Peter, on the morning of the resurrection, ran into the sepulchre, and beheld the linen clothes 'lying in a place by themselves.' A curious feeling came over her. The words certainly suggested order.

Guided by the references in the margin, she now turned to St. John, and read how the napkin that had bound the head of our crucified Lord was 'wrapped together in a place by itself.' There it was—order again, with no indications of careless and unseemly haste and that, too, on this supreme morning. Presently Ruth called to mind the system that prevailed at the feeding of the multitude, and then she began wondering if, when Jesus was a lad, his tools with which he helped his father, and all his little personal belongings were not kept in their proper places. Any other view seemed unthinkable, and before the sun went down all the appointments of her room were in perfect order.

Her mother's pleased astonishment on Easter morning, and her own calm and comfortable conscience were the rich rewards of her sacrifice. True, after this, she sometimes relapsed a little into her old easy ways, but the silly novelettes were banished forever, and by the time that Easter came again her sacrifice had to take another form.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

LITTLE FOLKS

—'Our Little Dots.'

A Little Sermon for Little Children.

(By Helen Elizabeth Coolidge.)

Little children, listen
To the sacred word;
Is it not the sweetest
That was ever heard?
Little children, carol
Of the Saviour dear;
Let each voice be joyful,
Sweet, and strong, and clear.

Little children, listen!
He Who died to save,
On the first great Easter
Left His rock-hewn grave.
Little children, carol
Of that Saviour dear,
For He ever liveth,
And to you is near.

Little children, gather
Blossoms fair and sweet;
Weave them into garlands
For His temple meet;
But the sweetest service
You can ever give,
Will be to obey Him
Every day you live.

—Selected.

Lillian's Easter Gifts.

Lillian was a very sweet, lovable little girl, but she had one serious fault. She was selfish. But mother saw that her little girl was making a hard struggle to overcome her fault. Something happened on Easter Sunday that made her quite sure of this. Lillian had been counting the days, and had even reduced them to hours, that must pass before her Easter lily would be in bloom. The snowy petals stood wide open the day before Easter, and nowhere could have been found a more delighted little girl than the one who, almost fifty times in the day, ran to the window to smell her 'namesake.'

She came home from church Easter morning with such a serious face that mother asked if anything had happened. Lillian said, 'Oh, nothing,' but mother knew better, and was not surprised when she felt a tug at her skirt, and felt herself being drawn toward a cozy corner of the sitting-room, where they had their 'alone talks.'

'You see, mother, this morning Bro. Fenley said that love, or unselfishness, was one of the greatest Easter lessons. And he told us that we all ought to do something that would prove our love for Jesus. I've been thinking that I had better take my lily to old Mrs. Trenton. She has to be in bed all day, and I know she loves flowers and would love to have a lily to look at and smell. I'll carry it over right away.'

She gave mother a hasty kiss, and hurried out of the room before the tears fell. How she loved her flower. But she was back in about twenty minutes with shining, happy eyes. She flew upstairs, to come rushing down with Dorothy, her second best doll, and a game of checkers. 'They're for little May and Jack Trenton,' she exclaimed to mother. They have no toys, mother; just think of it. And I have so many, I will give them more another day.'

Mother knew then that Lillian had learned at least one Easter lesson. As soon as we can be happy in making sacrifices, we have the unselfish love of Jesus in our hearts.—'Lookout.'

How Dutch Children Celebrate Easter.

For a whole week before Easter the peasant children go round from house to house begging for eggs and carrying a wreath of green leaves stuck on a long stick. This stick and wreath they call their Palm Paschen, which really means Palm Sunday, and may have been so called because they make the wreath on that day.

Down the village streets they go, singing all the while and waving the wreath above their heads:

'Palm, Palm Sunday,
Hei koeerei.
Soon it will be Easter,
And we shall have an egg.
One egg—two eggs,
The third egg is the Easter egg.'

They knock at every farmhouse and are very seldom sent away empty-handed. When they have collected enough eggs to suit their purpose—generally three or four apiece—they boil them hard and stain them with two different colors, either brown with coffee or red with beet-root juice, and then

on Easter day they all repair to the meadows, carrying their eggs with them, and the eirtikken begins. The children sit down on the grass and each child knocks one of his eggs against that of another in such a way that only one of the shells breaks. The child whose egg does not break wins, and becomes the possessor of the broken egg.—From Dutch Life in Country and Town, by P. M. Hough.

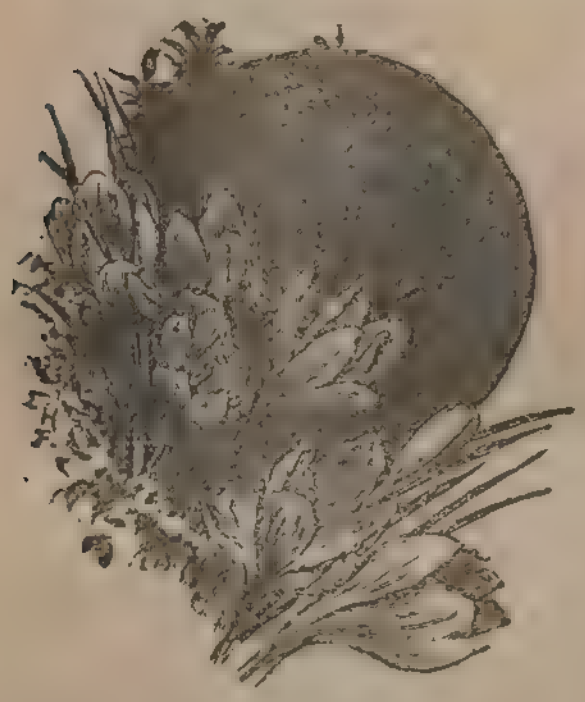
—'Christian Herald,' London.

Easter in Bulgaria.

Away across the sea in Bulgaria people keep Easter in ways that seem very queer to us until we know what they mean. Do you see the little girl in this picture? If you met her carrying her basket of cakes she would laugh at you for not knowing what she and her mother were going to do with their basket of buns.

Just as soon as she could talk her mother told her of how Jesus died for everyone, and how when Easter came all of those who had comfortable homes and good fathers and brothers, should give cakes marked with a cross to all the poor and needy, so that they might remember Jesus loved them and died on the cross for them. In this picture she and her mother are in the prison giving their cakes to the prisoners, for you know Jesus was sorry for the naughty children and the wicked men, and loved them. Perhaps this Easter some who are treated lovingly and kindly, will be sorry they did wrong, and make up their minds to be good and not grieve the dear Lord any more.

HOUSEHOLD.



Easter for the Little Ones.

(By Sophie Bronson Titterington.)

At Easter time the Christmas joy is to the children a sweet, beautiful memory. We make a mistake in our teaching when we do not connect the Christmas delight with the Easter gladness. As December wanes our little ones hear over and over again the lovely story of the Divine Babe in the manger cradle. The shepherds, the singing angels, the Star, and the wise men who followed it over desert and plain till it led them to the Child in its lowly nest, are pictures that become indelibly engraved upon the receptive hearts.

The advancing story of the Christ-life lends itself to the days and weeks before Christmas and Easter. As Margaret Sangster has sung:

From Christmas unto Easter
There leads a golden way;
By solemn stars 'tis lighted,
By angels watched each day.

There are shadows between the two radiances. Older hearts realize the significance of Gethsemane and Calvary as only those who have passed the milestones of life can realize them. While we would not paint the sorrowful picture in its darkest hues, the tender little hearts should be taught clearly of the Love that died to save.

Out of the darkness of Good Friday—the grave-gloom—bursts the Easter radiance. Christ is risen! Because the tomb could not hold the Lord Jesus, it cannot hold humanity.

If our children can be kept from material, loathsome ideas of death and the grave, it will be to them an inheritance of joy in the coming years. The flower-strewn caskets of our dead are put in the ground, to be sure, but so were the lily buds. As the lilies sprang from the buried bulb, so will another beautiful life for God's children follow the one ended here.

Do we not too often fail to impress the truth that the Baby Jesus of the Christmas-tide is the risen, loving, living Jesus of Easter? As we give gifts at Christmas in memory of the wonderful Gift God gave the world, so, at Easter, we bring flowers to His temple, each blossom having its own story of resurrection, heaping high the sacred place with these mute witnesses of the Love that triumphed over death and sets the seal of everlasting victory above the tomb.

'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter-time, that Easter-time;
But still the pure white lilies blow
At happy Easter-time.
And still each little flower doth say,
'Good Christians, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
At blessed Easter-time.'

—'American Messenger.'

Is it not often, at least, because we are so anxious to be happy in this world, so eager to grasp at a condition belonging not to here, but to hereafter, that we fret and fidget for what God has denied us?—Sidney Lear.

Light in Darkness.

We believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting, but there is nothing we realize so little. We grieve for lost good as if this life were all; and lay away our dead, forgetting the resurrection. At times some soul is found, strong to lay hold of the promises, to such a pilgrim, even the Valley of the Shadow, into which no earthly ray can penetrate, may be aglow with the light of Heaven.

An instance of this transforming power of faith came under my observation recently, while I was spending a summer in the hill country of Connecticut. The little hamlet was one of those quaint, old places where half a dozen surnames suffice for half a hundred families, all the people are either 'related' or 'connected,' and every neighbor is full of knowledge, interest and sympathy for every other. The settlement had neither post office nor railway station; so the daily mail with an occasional telegram, or express package, was brought by any man, woman or child, whom business or pleasure despatched during the day to the large town, five miles distant. The small schoolhouse served very well as a general distributing office.

Here, one afternoon, a yellow envelope was brought, addressed to Miss Annie Robinson, and Mamie Heath was dismissed from school in view of the unusual exigency, to carry the message a mile further, to her grandmother's house. She skipped gaily up the road, proclaiming to every one she met:

'Uncle Malcolm must be coming home. Nobody else ever sends telegrams to Aunt Annie.'

An hour later another story flew from mouth to mouth. Malcolm Robinson was ill—very ill, or no message would have reached the farm, to disturb the aged mother. Every one knew how considerate he had always been of her, ever since his father's death, sixteen years before, had left him the head of the family. Young though he was, he had already attained a position of trust and responsibility in a large manufacturing house, and his salary kept the wolf from the door, while the younger children were growing up. He induced Hugh and Samuel to remain upon the farm, and incited them to new development of its resources. His watchful care snatched James from the danger of the city life into which at one time he plunged recklessly. His generosity educated Harriet for the position she held in a flourishing seminary, and provided Jean and Cornelia with their housekeeping outfits, when they married and settled in their native village. Annie, the youngest sister, had already received exceptional advantages of study and travel. Malcolm had never married; but it seemed as if the hard strain of his life were nearly over; and brothers and sisters all looked forward to the time when he should make a home of his own, prosperous and peaceful as he had made for them.

Now, he was ill. Before sunset, Annie was on her way to his bedside. Cornelia Avery came with her baby to take her sister's place at night; and in the morning Jean Heath left house and dairy in charge of her twelve year-old Mamie, to care for and comfort the aged invalid mother during the day. And instructions were sent with Annie, and after her, to bring the sick man home, to be nursed and revived by home care and love. Days passed, and he came not. Annie's letters brought no encouragement. Only in the mother's heart, hope never died.

'Annie was young,' she said, 'and apt to look on the dark side. Cooler weather would bring relief.' Anything rather than Malcolm was dying. The others knew. It was no surprise to Jean Heath when she took from a passing neighbor Annie's brief message that all was over. But she leaned against the gate with a deadly heart-sickness at thought of breaking the news to her mother. She had tried to prepare her for the worst; and fear and presage had fallen upon unheeding ears. How could she say, 'Malcolm is dead?' When she returned to the house, Mrs. Robinson, overcome by the heat of the afternoon, had fallen into a quiet slumber. It was growing late. Jean stepped into the long kitchen, and, swiftly and without clatter of dishes, laid the table for supper, then sat down on the doorstep to await her brothers' return from the fields. They came at last, sturdy young men, slow of speech, used to hard work, but not to grief, and shrinking as their sister did, from sight of their mother's woe. And Samuel advised, 'Let us wait for Cornelia, she has gentle, tender ways; she will know what to say.'

But Cornelia came late, and hushing her sleeping baby in her arms. Neighbors dropped in, before and after, with words of sympathy or carefully spoken foreboding; and the old lady answered them with persistent cheer, and the assurance that Annie would surely come with Malcolm in a few days at farthest. Then her early bed-time came, and all said:

'Let her sleep in peace; she will be stronger to bear it in the morning.'

Night brought little rest to the stricken household. At intervals Cornelia stole into her mother's room, and often found her restless and awake. The house was early astir; for the chores must be done, and the hired men despatched to the day's work, though Hugh and Samuel would stay at home to prepare for the coming of the dead. With trembling hands Cornelia dressed her, and wheeled her in her armchair to the table. After breakfast, Cornelia deftly covered the table and arranged the room for prayers. Then, the hour had come. Hugh sat down, as usual, at his mother's right hand, and opened the Bible, to read the allotted portion of the day. It chanced to be the Twentieth Psalm.

'The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee. Send thee help from the sanctuary and strengthen thee out of Zion.'

He read through the tender prayer and the victorious response of the faith merging into prayer again: 'Save, Lord, let the King hear us when we call.' He closed the book and would have knelt when Cornelia's sweet clear tones arrested the general movement.

'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.'

She repeated three verses, paused, and began again at the twenty-sixth verse, the promise of the Comforter, and went to the close of the wonderful chapter. Then she looked at Hugh.

'Pray,' she said. Hugh was not gifted in prayer, but they all felt a great burden and a great need; and he expressed it in his quiet, halting speech. It was a cry for help and strength in time of trouble, an asking for the presence of the Comforter, a thanksgiving for the mansions into which the Saviour was gathering His own.

Mrs. Robinson, unable from her infirmity to kneel, had sat during the prayer with bowed head. She did not move at its close. Had she at length comprehended? Cornelia laid her gentle hands upon the gray head.

'Mother, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble."' Mrs. Robinson looked up, and turned slowly from one to the other.

'Is family worship over?' she inquired. 'Hugh has forgotten to pray for Malcolm.'

'There is no need,' he stammered, 'since—yesterday afternoon—'

Cornelia's steadier voice went on: 'He walked with God, mother, "and he was not, for God took him."'

A strange light came into the aged face as of transfiguration.

'God is merciful,' she said slowly. 'He knew I could not give up my first born. I asked life for him, and He has given him length of days forever and ever. I shall part from all the rest of you but not from him.' The old voice was calm and steady as Cornelia's. But the others who had kept strong feeling under control so long, at last gave way. She looked with gentle surprise upon their grief—her only thought—that he who had labored so hard and long had entered into the Lord's rest, to which she was herself so near. Her thought became the thought of all. They laid him in the little churchyard, thanking God alike for his life and death. They had loved him fondly and contentedly when his days had been passed far from them in the bustling town, they felt that he was nearer and nearer, dwelling in the Heavenly City.—Eunice Sherman, in the New York 'Observer.'

We are made for God, as we are made for bread, and for knowledge, and for love, and without God we die. The child cannot do without the father. The father cannot do without the child.—N. McGee Waters.

Easter a Day of Hope and Joy

The earth-life is beset with hard conflicts and crowded with sorrows. It is to the masses an existence involving toil, hardship, anxiety, intense longings, and bitter disappointments. It is truly a testing time—a fiery ordeal in which the metal of a true manhood and womanhood is purified, tempered, and perfected. And blessed are they who endure the test.

Such it was to our divine Elder Brother, and he endured. It involved all forms of trial, even death itself. But it was crowned with a glorious resurrection.

Herein, then, is the foundation for human hope and rejoicing. The gospel of Christ is a gospel of resurrection—a raising not only of the body into new life, but the reviving of new hopes, larger desires, more transcendant assurances—the earnest of a better day and a better life for all who accept his great salvation. And of all this and much more is our Easter festival a memorial and a reminder. Hence, the poet, Ellen M. Comstock, wrote truly and beautifully as follows:—

'The comfort of the Easter Day
Comes not alone to those who lay
Their loved ones down with sealed eyes
To sleep beneath the bending skies,
But to those hearts whose restless moan
Tells of sweet hopes too swiftly flown—
Of friends, who tossed love's costly flower
Aside—the bauble of an hour,
And left us, while they yet remain
A legacy of ceaseless pain.
By these sad graves through darkened days,
A tender, white-robed angel stays
To roll the stone, that we may see
Love crowned with immortality.'

—Selected.

'And a Little Child Shall Lead Them.'

(By Ernest Gilmore, in the 'American Messenger.')

The June roses were abloom when little Hugh Franklin closed his beautiful eyes in their last sleep. Hugh was the only child of a widow. How often we hear that expression, 'the only child of a widow,' and yet no one on earth except the widow can realize the depth of anguish that is hers when death claims her 'only child.'

Mrs. Franklin was dazed at first. She went about the house with a white, set face that alarmed her friends. There were no tears, no moans, but the look of anguish on her face was heartrending. The funeral came and passed, and still there were no tears in the bereaved mother's eyes; only a look of horror.

When Hugh was dressed for the last time, he seemed to be sleeping in a bed of roses. From babyhood he had loved roses. And now that he was gone, friends brought them in lavish abundance—not a full rose among them all, just sweet opening buds and half-blown blossoms. They covered the mantel behind the casket and the table in front of it. They were arranged in every available place and in a variety of graceful forms. There were tears in the minister's eyes and voice as he conducted the service, tears in the choked voices of the singers, tears rolling down the faces of the many who loved Hugh. But there were no tears on the face of the one who loved him more than all the world beside.

Fortunately for Mrs. Franklin's mind, the tension loosened after her return home from the burial. Friends would have remained with her, had she so desired, but she shook her head and closed her lips in determined refusal, when the suggestion was made. When the outer door closed and she was within the home, she threw herself down on a couch and sobbed aloud, tears rolling down her cheeks.

'Oh, my God, why did you take my one little lamb?' she wailed, as a great wave of anguish rolled over her.

'My one little one,' she groaned, 'Oh, God, my one little one! And you took him.'

She moaned in bitterness of soul. No one—not even the minister—dared venture to utter 'commonplaces' to her as the days went by. To have said, essaying to comfort, 'God knows best,' would have made her frantic. In her own heart, she felt that she knew best. Over and over she said to herself, moaning and sobbing, 'I can't live without Hugh,' but she did.

Night after night she dreamed of Hugh as she had seen him last in that dreamless sleep, with the inexpressibly sweet smile on the dear little lips. She saw his golden wavy hair shining amid the rosebuds in the white casket. She saw the long curling lashes sweeping the pale cheeks, and the quiet dimpled hands folded over the still breast. In her dreams she never saw Hugh alive; he was always lying asleep on a bed of roses. But in her day-dreams, she often saw him as he had been before the 'beginning of the end.' The radiant face, with the soft red on the fair, dimpled cheek, the dark blue eyes, sometimes merry, often eager and gleaming—she saw these frequently with bewildering fascination.

There were times when she felt as if Hugh were very near her—when she saw his arms stretched out toward her—when she saw him toss back his shining hair in his inimitable way. But generally he seemed far, far away—in fact, hopelessly lost.

The days came and went in monotonous pain and weariness; the clouds remained. In her grief Mrs. Franklin did not realize her own selfishness. It did not occur to her to resist this influence that was holding her down. Nor did she think of rising to greater heights on the wings of her great sorrow. She did not seem to know that pouring balm into other sorrowful hearts would heal her own wound.

Mrs. Franklin's widowed mother was a member of the household. She was not an old lady, only fifty—but being a 'shut-in' she felt many years older. Life had become specially wearisome to her since little Hugh had been taken away. In her heart there was an abiding ache, and a homesickness that not even prayer could drive away. But she made no complaint. She belonged to the trustful ones, who believe that 'God doeth all things well.'

* * * * * *

The summer was the longest that Mrs. Franklin had ever known; the winter was the dreariest one. Spring came early—the violets lifted up their shy, sweet faces early in March. Before Easter there were wild flowers aglow in the woodland. In Mrs. Franklin's yard there were white lilies abloom. She heard the church bells ringing on Easter morn as if in a dream. There had been a time when she used to fancy that the Easter bells rang, 'He is risen! He is risen!' But the bells did not bring her any such message now. In fact, the church bells meant nothing to her. She had not been within the church since Hugh had gone away.

Soon after the church bells had ceased pealing, she started for the cemetery with her hands full of white lilies. She did not go on account of its being Easter, but because she had some flowers, it was her custom to take them there.

A feeling of overwhelming desolation was taking possession of her as she knelt on the sod beside the lily-strewn grave, but a sound as of low sobbing changed the current of her thoughts. She arose quickly and looked about, but there was no one in sight. A bird was singing in a young elm tree, already in leaf.

'I'm sure I heard some one sobbing—a child,' she said to herself, as she stood in a listening attitude.

Presently she heard it again. 'It is a child—in trouble,' was her thought, and she walked slowly away from the lily-strewn grave, trying to locate the sound.

In a lot near by she discovered a little boy, lying beside a grave, his head face downward upon it. A thrill went through her as she saw his hair, like waving gold in the sunlight. She knelt beside him, and at her caressing touch he lifted his tear-stained face and wiped the tears away.

'My dear boy,' she said, 'can I help you in any way?'

He shook his head.

'No,' he answered, 'I want my mother. I'm lonesome without her,' his lips quivering. 'They've buried her here, and Jim Stewart says I'll never see her again.' The beautiful dark blue eyes, so like Hugh's, looked at her eagerly, as if, possibly with the hope that she might contradict Jim Stewart's statement.

But, although Mrs. Franklin's heart was full of tenderness toward the child, how could she, who had looked only into the grave, point him elsewhere? The motherless boy in his grief appealed to her sympathy as no one else had, but she did not seem able to speak a word of comfort. But, recognizing the tenderness in her eyes, he questioned eagerly:

'Will I ever see mamma again?'

In his longing desire for an answer, he grasped her dress with small clinging hands. It almost seemed to her as if it were Hugh, and she put her arms around him lovingly. From a little chapel near by there came suddenly, like a sound from another world, an ineffably sweet strain from the boy choir. It was a song of exultation, 'He is risen! He is risen!'

Mrs. Franklin choked a little something in her heart struggling for expression. The

SHOW THIS TO A FRIEND.

A SPLENDID BARGAIN!

Sunday School Workers

in Sunday Schools where the 'Northern Messenger' has not been taken, would be greatly interested in a proposition we have to make them for a free distribution for three weeks, or for a longer period, at nominal rates. **NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT.** Those interested in Sunday Schools will confer a favor on all concerned by bringing this advertisement to the notice of one of the officers of any Sunday School where this, the cheapest and best Sunday School Paper, is not being taken. Full particulars sent on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

she found her voice and answered the child, who was waiting expectantly,

'Yes, dear child, you shall see your mother again.'

There was a ring of exultation in her voice, for, in seeking to comfort the child she had comforted herself.

'When?' he asked.

'Come with me,' she said, rising, 'and we'll have a little talk.'

She took him by the hand and they walked to Mrs. Franklin's lot. When they were seated on a bench near Hugh's grave, they had a long talk which ended thus:

'I wonder if my mamma has found your little boy,' said the child.

'Perhaps so,' was the answer, 'who knows? But at any rate, Hugh's mamma has found you.'

He gazed at her with a dawning radiance, his rapt face reflecting the joy that was finding expression in her own countenance.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Fletcher, sad and lonely, was sitting in her wheel chair near the window looking outward, wondering why her daughter lingered so long. Liza, the devoted colored servant, who had just brought in a glass of milk, was questioned thus:

'Why do you suppose Mrs. Franklin stays so long?'

Liza's kind face looked anxious.

''Deed, I dunno, missie. Shuah dar she comes now, an—an—an—an—who am dat wid her? It looks like li'l' Massa Hugh.'

The outer door opened and Mrs. Franklin came in with the boy. Throwing her arms around her mother's neck, she cried out, 'Oh, mother dear, forgive me for my neglect of you in the great selfishness of my sorrow. I've got my feet out of the deep waters at last, and I'm going to walk heavenward henceforth. Here is little Joe, mother.'

'Who is little Joe, dear?' Mrs. Fletcher questioned wonderingly.

Mrs. Franklin told her all, ending with her call at the miserable place where Joe had lived since his mother's death.

'We will keep Joe in Hugh's place, won't we mother?' she said.

'Indeed we will, and gladly,' and when Mrs. Fletcher held the little form close in an embrace of welcome and touched her lips to the golden hair, she felt happier than at any time since Hugh left them.

'Mother, dear,' said Mrs. Franklin, exultantly, 'If I had but remembered that, when Christ arose, he left the gate of heaven ajar for our darling Hugh, I wouldn't have been looking into the grave all this time.'

Hot Cross Buns Made With Baking Powder.

Sift together one quart flour, two dessertspoonfuls baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Rub in, with the tips of the fingers, butter the size of an egg. Beat two eggs light and add to them one cup sugar and a pint of milk and water mixed. Stir into the mixture; mix soft, roll out on a floured board, cut in cakes, mark with the cross and bake in a hot oven. Sift powdered sugar over them. Raisins, currants and shredded lemon peels may be added, if desired. The story is told of a Brooklyn woman who makes two hundred of these annually for her husband and two boys. They are cut very small, however.—'Pictorial Review.'

Religious Notes.

Up to the present time 45 old Northfield, (Mass.), Seminary students are working in foreign fields—13 in China, 11 in India, 3 in Africa, 4 in South America, one in each of the following countries: Bulgaria, Philippine Islands, South Sea Islands, Siam, Syria and Korea. All of these Northfield girls are doing a fine work, and many of them are in positions of great responsibility. Several having taken a medical course, are in charge of hospitals.

Rev. James D. Eaton, missionary of the American Board of Mexico, writing from Chihuahua of the outlook for the new year, calls attention to the rush of people from the north into that land. The number of tourists is phenomenal, but besides them there

Don't Miss It!

This Month's Number of the "Canadian Pictorial" includes many fine pictures among which are the following

A girl with Easter lilies.

A popular Lieutenant-Governor.

A famous Canadian preacher on a Camel.

The most famous of Telephone Inventors and the greatest telephone exchange.

A Canadian's Engineering Feat.

Gold Miners at work.

Niagara Falls in most fantastic winter moods. No one who loves nature should miss these pictures.

More Scenes in the Sugar Bush.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and other notables.

And many other interesting features.

The 'Canadian Pictorial'

Is Ten Cents at all Newsdealers or One Dollar a year

Anywhere in Canada (Montreal and Suburbs Excepted), or Great Britain, a Club of Three New Subscriptions at Half Rates.

The Pictorial Publishing Co'y,
142 ST. PETER STREET.

'Canadian Pictorial' with the 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00 a Year, worth $1.50

RE-OPENED.

The 'Witness' Offer

OF

Free Flags for Home and School.

Full particulars on application to the

Flag Dept., JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

is a stream of settlers and investors which seems to be increasing in volume. Moreover, Japanese, Chinese, Syrians, and other classes of immigrants are pouring in, until it looks as if Mexico would have to face civil and industrial problems like those of the United States. With the ensuing industrial development, there is great interest shown in educational development. This education, however, is entirely irreligious, and it is a lamentable fact that many of the rising generations are rather proud of the fact that they have no religion. Mere boys boast of being freethinkers. The need of religious schools and teaching to supplement the public education grows with the rapid development of the country.

The missionaries of the Breklum and of the Gossner Missionary Society send touching accounts of the famine in the district of India where they are laboring. One of them writes: 'We are face to face with a gloomy chapter in the history of India. The harvest is a total loss in many places. Already now, in the middle of the harvest, the prices are higher than they were during the great famine of seven years ago. There will be much suffering and many deaths.' Another missionary says: 'First the rain fell in torrents for many weeks, so that the rice was drowned upon the flooded fields in many places. Then the weather suddenly became clear, and from a cloudless sky the burning Indian sun shone upon the little seed which was left in the fields. Soon the earth was baked and hardened, the plants were burned, and the greater part of the expected harvest was destroyed. Since the extent of this failure of the harvest is great, famine must follow.' Another missionary sorrowfully complains that with the famine sickness is increasing everywhere and that bands of robbers are beginning to steal and plunder in the famine districts. Missionary Jeschke writes from Khutitoli, 'The price of rice is so high that our native Christians have had little to eat during the rainy season. Often I found the people sitting before their door at meal-time, while the children were crying within the house. My anxious question, why the children were crying, brought the answer, 'We have nothing to eat and our children cry, because they are hungry.' I have found people who had not touched rice for weeks. They had been living on leaves, roots, bulbs, young bamboo-shoots, and different kinds of fungi which they boil and, often reluctantly eat.'—'The Missionary Review of the World.'

Amusing the Children.

A successful indoor game for children, of from 7 to 12 years of age, is made by means of the famous barley candies, says 'Good Housekeeping.' These represent both animals and toys and are very inexpensive as well as wholesome. The game consists in putting several of these candies into a dish and covering the whole with a napkin. Each child comes forward in turn, draws a candy, concealing it from his comrades. He then retires to an adjoining room, examines his candy and decides how best to act out what it represents. He comes back to the room and acts it, the other children guessing what he represents. At the end, the children vote as to who was the most successful in his acting, and a simple prize is his reward. I remember one child who drew a candy cat; instead of meowing as might have been expected, she curled herself up in a little heap, began to purr and lick her paws and wash her face in a very clever imitation. The children were all delighted, and she received the prize.

Selected Recipes.

BUTTERED APPLES.—Pare and core eight tart cooking apples. Put them in a baking dish, filling each hollow with sugar mixed with a tiny pinch of nutmeg or cinnamon, or stick a whole clove in centre of each. As the apples cook gently in the oven, baste them well with melted butter mixed with a little boiling water. Keep the apples covered. Make a syrup of one cup sugar, half a cup water and small pieces of cinnamon stick. Boil five minutes and when the apples are tender, but not broken, lift them carefully into a dish and pour the syrup over them.

DUTCH CREAM NUT CANDY.—Stir together two cups of brown sugar, two cups of white granulated sugar, one cup of sugar house syrup, one and one-half cups of cream. Boil the mixture until it hardens in cold water, but is not brittle. Then add about one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and stir in the nuts. Hickory nuts are best, but almonds, blanched, will do. Remove from the stove and beat till it grows very stiff.

RICE PAR EXCELLENCE.—Wash a cup of rice through plenty of cold water; then boil in three pints of salted water for twenty or thirty minutes. Pour into the colander and drain; then turn into a well buttered hot saucepan; spread a large tablespoonful of butter over the top and cover with a hot lid and place in the oven, let remain until rice is well dried and swollen; turn into a heated dish and serve.

VEAL LOAF.—Set aside to cool a pound of lean veal which has been boiled in just enough water to cover it. Boil down the liquor while the veal is cooling. Add celery, salt the grated peel of a lemon and the juice, and salt and pepper. Chop the veal and add a cupful of chopped ham. Cover all with the liquor in which the veal was cooked and turn into a mold and set aside with a heavy weight on the cover to press it firm. Let it stand over night and garnish with green and bits of tomatoes.

STUDY AT HOME.

We teach you by mail in your spare time. If you can read and write, we can help you. Courses in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Complete Commercial, Commercial Law, Agriculture, Stock Raising, Poultry Raising, Electrical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Civil Service, Public School Course, High School Course, High School Entrance, Matriculation, Teachers' Certificates (any Province), Special English, Spelling, Composition. Instruction in any single subject or more as desired. State what you want. Address as below to Dept. N., Toronto, Canada. (860)

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE LIMITED

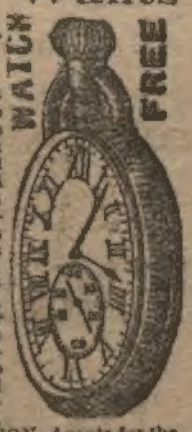
FREE

Send us your name and address for 12 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the $1.20 and we will send you these TWO SOLID GOLD filled RINGS. We trust you with the Jewelry and will send it all charges paid. Send us your name and address now.
STAR MFG. CO., 49 Roy St., PROVIDENCE, R.I., U.S.A.

BOOK
1. 150 SONGS, Words and Music..... 10c
2. 110 COMIC RECITATIONS..... 10c
3. 20 HUMOROUS DIALOGUES..... 10c
4. 1400 CONUNDRUMS and RIDDLES..... 10c
By mail postpaid.
Useful Novelties Co., Dept. N., Toronto, Can. (861)

$12 WOMAN'S SPRING SUITS, $8 50
Tailored to order. Also Suits to $15. Send today for free Cloth Samples and Style Book.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Ont.

Every Boy Wants
A WATCH and CHAIN.
FREE



For selling 25 copies of that popular illustrated monthly, the "Canadian Pictorial" at 10 cents each. Send us the $2.50 and you get at once a guaranteed Ingersoll Watch, stem wind, stem set, and a neat, serviceable Chain. Watch alone for selling 20. Other premiums—all good. Everyone likes the "Pictorial." It "sells at sight." Beautiful glossy paper. Over 1,000 square inches of exquisite pictures in each issue. Many worth framing. Orders for current issue rushing in. Don't be among the last. Orders promptly filled. Send no money, but drop us a postcard, and we will forward supply of "Pictorials" also premium list and full instructions. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial," "Witness" Block, Montreal.
N.B.—Besides earning premiums, your sales will all count in our splendid prize competitions. Write for particulars.

SEND $1 Receive 5 Wool Remnants, suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut pants free; add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., 23 Coote Block, London, Ont.

When writing to advertisers please mention the "Northern Messenger."

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies	$ .40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed, if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed, if desired, per copy	.30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 "

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong and Cyprus.

U. S. Postage 50c extra to the United States, Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, except in clubs, to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

A SPLENDID GROUP—TRY IT!

The **'Witness'** For over sixty years unrivalled in the confidence of the Canadian public. Latest news, market reports, etc., financial and literary reviews, good stories, home and boys' pages, queries, etc., etc. Valuable departments devoted to farming interests. A clean commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. (Send for a sample.)

'World Wide' A weekly reprint of the best things in the world's great journals. Reflects the thought of the times. Best cartoons of the week. The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere for the money. Send for a sample.

'Canadian Pictorial' Canada's popular illustrated monthly. High grade paper, high grade pictures. Interesting to young and old alike. Many of its full page pictures suitable for framing. (See ad. on another page.)

The **'Northern Messenger'** speaks for itself. A favorite for over forty years, and increasingly popular. A potent influence for good.

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUB.

'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead	$ 1.00
'World Wide'	$ 1.50
'Canadian Pictorial'	$ 1.00
'Northern Messenger'	.40
Worth	$ 3.90

All for one year, $2.70

Anywhere in Canada or Great Britain!

Any one of the group may be sent to a friend AS A GIFT subscription.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Shop In Toronto Through Our Mail Order Department.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA.

Money Refunded if Goods are not Satisfactory.

Exceptional Skirt Value!

Your Choice of Four Skirts Made from Imported Goods $4.50

Your choice of any of these four strictly tailored skirts for $4.50. Made in the very latest and most fashionable styles from Spring and Summer weight worsteds and tweeds, in mixtures of light and mid-grey shades. All are strictly high-grade garments. Quality, style and workmanship guaranteed. Waist bands 22 to 29 inches, lengths 37 to 43 inches. Special to Mail Order Customers..... $4.50

SPECIAL SIZES 50c. EXTRA

Thousands of Pieces of Pretty Jewelry Reduced to 49c Each.

N.M. 151—Ladies' 10 year gold-filled 16 inch Neck Chains, fine or heavy curb pattern. Special .. .. .49c

N.M. 152—Ladies' and Men's, 10 year gold-filled Lockets, medium or small size, room for two pictures inside of locket .... .49

N.M. 153—Ladies' and Men's Black Silk Fobs, with gold-filled mountings .. .. .49

N.M. 154—Men's 10-year gold-filled Cuff Links, Roman finish, suitable for engraving monogram or initials 49

N.M. 155—Baby Expansion Bracelet, 10 year gold-filled, with signet top for engraving. .49

N.M. 156—Ladies' 10 year gold-filled Cross, medium size, finely finished .. .. .49

N.M. 157—Ladies' Finest Fish Scale Pearl Necklet, beautiful Cream lustre .. .. .. .49

N.M. 158—Ladies' Hand-cut Amethyst Necklet, with stone set clasp .. .. .49

N.M. 159—Ladies' finely finished Belt Buckle, in hard enamel .. .. .49c

N.M. 160—Ladies' 14k. gold-filled, 3 stone, Lace Pins, fine Roman finish, bright cut settings, in following colored stones: Ruby, Amethyst, Turquoise, Sapphire. Set of two .. .. .49

N.M. 161—Ladies' Ster ling Silver Set, Swastika Safety Pin, with 5 Turquoise .. .. .49

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION "NORTHERN MESSENGER."